

# The Glove and the Lions

-James Leigh Hunt

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.  
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed: 5  
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;  
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,  
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother; 10  
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;  
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'er heard the King, a beauteous lively dame,  
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;  
She thought, The Count my lover is brave as brave can be; 15  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;  
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;  
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild: 20  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.  
"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;  
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

# Birdfoot's Grampa

-Joseph Bruchac III

The old man  
must have stopped our car  
two dozen times to climb out  
and gather into his hands  
the small toads blinded 5  
by our lights and leaping,  
live drops of rain.

The rain was falling,  
a mist about his white hair  
and I kept saying 10  
you can't save them all,  
accept it, get back in  
we've got places to go.

But, leathery hands full  
of wet brown life, 15  
knee deep in the summer  
roadside grass,  
he just smiled and said  
they have places to go to too.

# Giant Thunder

-James Reeves

Giant Thunder, striding home,  
Wonders if his supper's done.

"Hag wife, hag wife, bring me bones!"  
They are not done," the old hag moans.

"Not done? Not done?" the giant roars, 5  
And heaves the old wife out of doors.

Cries he, "I'll have them, cooked or not!"  
And overturns the cooking pot.

He flings the burning coals about' 10  
See how the lightning flashes out!

Upon the gale the old hag rides,  
The clouded moon for terror hides.

All the world with thunder quakes;  
Forest shudders, mountain shakes.

From the cloud the rainstorm breaks; 15  
Village ponds are turned to lakes;  
Every living creature wakes.

Hungry giant, lie you still!  
Stamp no more from hill to hill—  
Tomorrow you shall have your fill. 20

# Jabberwocky

-Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son! 5  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought-- 10  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood, 15  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back. 20

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves 25  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

# Rhyming Riddle

-Mary Austin

I come more softly than a bird,  
And lovely as a flower;  
I sometimes last from year to year  
And sometimes but an hour.

I stop the swiftest railroad train  
Or break the stoutest tree.  
And yet I am afraid of fire  
And children play with me.

# A Choice of Weapons

-Phyllis McGinley

Sticks and stones are hard on bones,  
Aimed with angry art,  
Words can sting like anything,  
But silence breaks the heart.